

THE COLLEGIAN

St. Joseph's College

COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA

FILE

WELCOME
ALUMNI!

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THE SONG SUBLIME

Though man indites fair odes that stir emotion,
And writes as seems with quill from Angel's wing;
Yet songs that burn alone with true devotion
Are sung by lovely Spring.

With nimble ear old Earth inclines to capture
These songs so sweet, when lo! the flaming rose
Gives speech to her melodious rapture,
From heart that overflows.

The hawthorn notes, and like a timid Vestal
In bridal blossoms veils her verdant brow;
The envious orchard, rich in raiment festal,
Adorns her every bough.

Exultant ocean in symphonic splashes,
From all its depths a diapason pours;
And loud with thunder's stormy lashes,
It greets Earth's rugged shores.

Spalding Miles '30

POKER A LA MADAGASCAR

Our ship was rolling gayly, and I was drowsily reclining in a deck-chair, ruminating somewhat disparagingly on the caprice of fate. A gentle breeze was blowing and had greatly cleared the oppressively close atmosphere. I sighed thankfully, for now it was quite pleasant; the unbearable and stinging heat of Calcutta and Bombay was gone. A ponderous step awoke me from my reverie.

"Good evening, Mr. Spaulding; isn't this breeze refreshing? Yes", the gentleman continued as he took the chair next to mine, "after five days out from Bombay we ought to strike a little relief. Suppose you are quite inured to sea-traveling?"

"Somewhat", I replied. "I have two trips to the Americas to my credit, flocks to Japan, and one back to England of which country I am an expatriate. By the way where are you headed for?"

"Well, Mr. Sands and I", returned the gentleman, "are in the Foreign Commerce School back at college; we captured the scholarship records for the year, gaining, as a result, the annual trip around the world offered by the United States Shipping Board. Just now we intend to stop off at Tananarivo in Madagascar and pay a visit."

"My good friend, I must thank you for this information", I answered. "I am making the same trip and did look forward to a dreary, tiresome journey, but your company will perhaps change my outlook."

"Well, we are docking at Tamatve at seven and had better turn in now", the gentleman remarked. These words made me look at my watch—good heavens! yes, it was nearly one-thirty.

And so to bed, as Samuel Pepys would have put

it, but not to sleep. Lying in my berth, I mechanically puffed a cigarette and pondered dreamily on the futility of all my enterprise. Having led a rather prosaic student life, I had envisaged this trip around the world as the "ne plus ultra" of adventure and romance, and I found myself to be only another tired and disillusioned Jurgen. Although the trip had already passed the half-way mark, there had not been an iota of adventure for me, and I was badly worn out. How inane life seemed; but then I laughed at my cynical philosophy, and the laugh quieted my mind so that I soon fell asleep.

Morning found us in Tamatave. From this place a chugging, antiquated engine pulled us through more than two hundred miles of almost virgin land and arrived in Tananarivo about dusk. My newly-found friend whom I had now learned to address simply as Paul and I registered at the Oriental Hotel, dined, and pondered our next step.

Before plans as to what we were to do had matured it began to rain. The bad weather kept us in doors until evening, and the evening that did come was sultry, clammy, and in every way disagreeable. Mr. Jackson, the object of my visit, was far away inland on business; the cinema houses were showing pictures that were all the rage four years ago back home; only a tour of inspection could relieve our situation, and on inspecting we decided to go. While the city was entirely strange to me and wholly unromatic, as I felt that it would be, for Paul it held quite a deal of interest. He had been there on two previous occasions and had discovered quite an allurement, cockfighting, which, surprising to note, strongly appealed to him in spite of the refinement and culture that he otherwise displayed in his conduct.

When I voiced my disinclination for cock-fighting, suggested by him as diversion, he laughingly exclaimed:

"I surmise, Spaulding, that you are not as sophisticated and as wild as I thought you to be. Well, I'll wager that I still have one good bet left; we shall see."

Forthwith he proceeded to lead me noncommittally to a rather unpretentious building on a back street which we entered. Through a hallway containing a bar, lined with votaries to the D. T.'s, natives, whites, nondescripts, I caught a glimpse of a huge back room blazing with light. Paul, accompanied by his pal, Mr. Sands, led me forward into this room which was filled with acrid smoke and a host of men grouped around a series of long tables. Drawing me close to himself, Paul expanded his arms in an all-embracing gesture and informed me:

"What Monte Carlo is to Europe, what Bradley's is to Palm Beach, this is to Madagascar! My boy, this is poker a la Madagascar!"

In spite of the fact that poker had never really appealed to me, for as a matter of plain truth, I may say that I loathed the game, yet I feigned amusement and interest and idly placed a small bet on the number of my age—twenty and two—remembering Balzac's young Rastignac. Mistaking my pretense for real interest, Paul and his pal wondered if I would mind their going to see a cock-fight. Readily I agreed to the suggestion and told them that we should all meet again at the hotel. Turning back to the table, I perceived that I had won. The thought of young Rastignac still holding in my mind, I again tried number 'twenty-two' with the whole of my winnings. The wheel spun around, the little ball skipped, danced,

and settled in pocket 22. I made something like a lightning calculation: my first bet was one of about four dollars in U. S. money—each time a person won he was paid about sixteen times the original bet—I had won twice, giving me a total of four times sixteen times sixteen, or in the vicinity of a thousand dollars in American money.

When this fact became apparent to me, a cold sweat seized me, and I nervously glanced about. Play at the other tables had been suspended, my playing was the cynosure of all eyes. I returned a glance to my table, and foolhardy amateur that I was, I placed the entire amount again on twenty-two. Heavens, heavens! if I won, my winnings would total sixteen thousand dollars; if I lost, well, I would at least have the thrill of adventure. Then as nonchalantly as a young club-man lighting a cigarette, the croupier (gads! how I did envy his poise!) spun that small ivory-inlaid wheel around. A man screamed, "pardie, pardie!", and fainted. The little red ball raced round and round. An eternity passed. Up and down bobbed the ball, wavered, flipflopped, and tumbled right on—oh, yes, it made the eyes pop out of my head. Hepatocolang-e-i-oanteriorostomy best expresses all that could be understood of what was said, but I did make out that I was the lion in the crowd.

The goddess of fortune had smiled on her young proselyte. That little red ball had done her bidding; there it lay in pocket twenty-two. I felt faint, but forcibly calmed myself. The cry, "He has bust the bank, he has bust the bank!" rang out in broken French, while the jabbering of the natives, and the inane patter of the obsequious, paunchy proprietor all too well testified to this statement. From somewhere a satchel appeared, and I raked my winnngs into it and rather dazedly prepared to leave the gaming-

house. My steps were arrested, however, by the person of a huge, swarthy servant who blocked my path.

"Pardon, Monsieur", said the servant, "it is customary for those fated individuals who 'break the bank' to be presented with this souvenir, a golden slipper."

I noticed that on a cushion resting on his outstretched hand a dainty golden slipper held its place, a slipper so small that it would pleasingly grace the most exacting foot. It was curiously and strikingly decorated, as I found, with seven rubies. Taking the slipper in my hand, I examined it carefully, and inside of it I discovered a miniature flask on which was inscribed in French "Wine of Joy." The servant repeated the phrase about the customary procedure of the winner, and requested that I drink the contents of the flask. Because the respectful and envious onlookers nodded assentingly, but against my own common sense, I swallowed the potion. Immediately a burning sensation, similar to that created by strong brandy, seized my throat and sent tears to my eyes. I chokingly called for water which was quickly given me. I had reasons to fear that the drink was next to poison, for I certainly did feel mighty sick. Again I grasped my satchel of money and started for the door but staggeringly. The servant, however, remonstrated saying:

"But, Monsieur, with all that money and in your condition it would be unwise to try the streets tonight. Stay here; we maintain a hotel in connection with this place and can give you suitable quarters for the night."

Nauseated and weak, I accepted his offer and allowed him to conduct me to a room where he left me with the assurance that he would send word im-

mediately to Paul and Mr. Sands at the hotel where they were waiting for me.

Through an open door I espied a bath where I at once plunged my head under the shower. Its revivifying coolness somewhat cleared my throbbing head and allowed me to take notice of my surroundings. The room was an exotic one but comfortable and had three large windows that faced a courtyard. My brain still functioning but only hazily, my body being all but exhausted, I simply flung myself into the bed without taking the trouble to remove my clothing. Lying on the bed I was conscious of a draft from somewhere; it could not have come from the windows, as the curtains were entirely motionless. I searched the room, and finally my attention was arrested by a huge ironwork ventilator placed in the ceiling which accounted for the draft. I turned to the bed and lay down once more; but it was useless; my eyes refused to close, though I was sorely fatigued.

It was irritating in the extreme to lie there craving the blessing of forgetful sleep, but sleep I could not. Presently I seemed to note that the room was filling up with a sickening sweet odor. Was it imagination or reality? I could merely guess. The large unsightly ventilator appeared to be sinking from the ceiling. Surely, but slowly it was coming down on the bed. The odor in the room became stronger; was it really gas? No, I said to myself, it is all a dreadful dream. But heavens! it could not be a dream. The vapor in the room became ever more and more dense; that ventilator surely was sinking down upon me; it was but a few feet above me; presently I could reach it with my hand. Hysterical with fear, I jumped from the bed and, that, too,

just an instant before that ghastly, huge ventilator sank into its soft depths smothering, gripping, crushing. A cold clammy sweat covered me; the realization of what would have happened had I remained in that bed an instant longer left me feeling more sick than ever. The room was now so full of gas that I felt stifled, and it was my sheer good luck that I still retained sense enough to rush for the windows. I thought of leaping to the ground, but I found that I was three stories high in the air; a jump would certainly prove fatal. Goodness! I did not desire to die yet; oh, how I wanted to live. I felt like calling for help, but that would have brought my jailers to the room, for such I now perceived the inmates of the gaming-house to be. Anxiously looking about for some means of escape, I observed a flagpole jutting out from the building only a few feet above my windows. I grasped it and lunged myself from the lethal chamber, only to realize a second later that the money and the slipper were left at the foot of the bed where I had flung them on entering the room.

Sucking great drafts of air into my lungs, I plunged back into the room, groped about, secured the money, but discovered the golden slipper so tightly wedged under the ventilator that it could not be removed. But for a benign providence, I too would have been wedged down there, mangled, crushed, and lifeless. There was no time to lose; I abandoned the slipper; rushed back to the window; grasped the pole, and with all the strength I could muster brought myself to a sitting position on it. But there were still six feet to the roof. Terror forced me to accomplish the pull from the pole to the roof. I stumbled upon a large plank that lay on the roof seemingly for no other purpose than for my benefit. Assuredly the "breaks" were coming my way now. Picking up the

plank, I bridged the ten-foot gap between the gaming-house and the adjacent building.

Lightheartedly I skipped across the plank, pulled it after me and made for a roof-opening in the building on which I now found myself. Once I had made my way down through this building, I breathed more freely. Never before in my life did "terra firma" feel so welcomed to my feet. Hurriedly I made my way to the hotel where I expected to find Paul and Mr. Sands. They were still asleep, but upon my insistence a valet awakened them. In their presence I related my wild escapade, and upon hearing what I had to say, they insisted that we should at once report the matter to the police. At the police headquarters, a little French officer listened to my recital with profound interest. Presently he exclaimed:

"Mr. Spaulding, that explains all."

Before I could question what his words signified, he had started out with several other policemen, leaving me, Paul, and Mr. Sands to await his return.

"I wonder what his words could mean?" I queried of Paul. He answered very laconically, "We shall soon see. But, Spaulding, by Jove, if anything had happened to you, I should never have been able to quiet my conscience for showing you that gaming-house."

"Never mind, Paul", I replied, "I appreciate your interest in me, for I have at least met with a touch of real adventure."

The arrival of the police officer with the proprietor of the gaming-house and his five assistants put an end to all conversation. I immediately appeared against the rascals, and their conviction was assured. I was still in the dark regarding the statement which the officer had made before leaving us; very soon though I was enlightened when I heard him charging

the rascals with seven murders committed in the course of the last three years. There had been seven mysterious disappearances of people and final discoveries of their badly mangled bodies. Seven? I recalled the number of rubies on the golden slipper; they were seven. Gradually I found my conjecture to be true, namely, that each stone on that slipper represented a victim who had "broke the bank". My disclosures respecting the falling ventilator and the lethal gas brought the source of the murders to light, and served as devastating proof against the gaming-house scoundrels. They were all sentenced to swing by the neck.

As for myself—I, who had practically prayed for romance, for adventure during the early part of the trip, finally reached the point of satisfaction along these lines. If ever in my future days a temptation to indulge a game of poker should come to me, be it at cards, as the name commonly signifies, or be it at Fortune's wheel, I shall find a sure deterrent—even in the face of sixteen thousand dollars—in the little phrase. "Poker a la Madagascar".

Richard J. Aubry '29

Consider how few things are worthy of anger,
and thou wilt wonder that any fools should be wroth.
—Robert Dodsley.

To write well is to think well, to feel well, and to render well; it is to possess at once intellect, soul, and taste—Buffon.

THE PASSING

The distant hills loom clear and blue;
The sky dons cheerful gear,
While trees exchange their brumal brown
For swelling buds and leafy crown,
As blossom time draws near.

But filled with wrath, the King of snows
Once more extends his hand;
The Earth he would lull back to sleep;
The lark and linnet cause to weep
While crows fly o'er the land.

But ah, old Northwind droops and faints,
As zephyrs blow more gay;
Yet rath in mood he turns to fight
And strives to rally all his might,
For Spring is on the way.

Before her dance in jaunty pace
Aurora queenly wise;
The Muses nine in peplos white
Eke basking in the ruddy light
Of April's sunny skies.

And now the days are filled with song;
The meadows wear bright green;
Apollo strikes the corded shell
That speaks so sweetly and so well
To all of cheerful mien.

THE STYLE OF THE WORD-ARTISTS

If all flowers were the same and if all clouds looked like whales how monotonous and dull would not be the face of sky and field! That nature is at great pains to secure variety in all her works will become evident to anyone who will take the trouble to scrutinize a half dozen grains of sand or an equal number of snowflakes. Next to a vacuum there can be nothing quite so cloying as is eternal sameness; hence the evident striving on the part of nature itself to exhibit variety in all its works by turning now to a change of seasons; now to growth and decay; now to storm and sunshine.

Because of the bewildering variety that runs through the works of nature, man finds an unending delight in contemplating the glories that pass before his eyes as so many kaleidoscopic transformations that are ever distracting his mind and ever stimulating his zeal to imitate them. It is in this attempt to imitate nature that man finds the principles of art, and among these principles the one that is of paramount importance, namely, unity in variety.

If among others there is any class of people that has directed attention to the requirements of this fundamental constituent of art with real pains and persistence, that class surely represents the prominent authors in the domain of letters. Not only have they sought to give what knowledge they had of the subject that occupied their minds, but they strove to give that knowledge in personal and individual language so that their words may be said to be the life-blood of the thoughts which they express. Their manner of putting thoughts into words has come to be known as style which may briefly be defined as the

process of putting personal thoughts into personal language.

Like in other matters, so in style there are certain normal requirements, such as correct grammar, correct rhetoric, and correct usage of words; and if authors, even those of repute, violate these simple demands they are liable to censure just as well as is a scribbling tyro. But it is not the authors who have failed in observing the laws of correct speech that are to be considered in these pages, but rather those much admired geniuses in the realm of letters to whom ordinary rules of writing were a second nature, and who, in consequence, were free to indulge conceits to a degree that made them meticulous even in the choice of words. Their efforts in this respect resulted in a manner of writing that goes by the name of sensuous style.

As an example of this manner of writing Flaubert may be cited. The matter of choosing words to match his thoughts came to be a real obsession with him. He went so far as to declare that only one particular word, only one particular phrase could be used to give expression to any one thought, grace, or wonder, and that none of these things could be 'digested' by a similar word without loss of clearness and beauty. That Flaubert became a real word-artist is conceded by critics generally, but it is also conceded that he made himself a slave to words to such an extent that his thoughts pined away for lack of attention. He seems to be a victim of the fallacy that words come first and thoughts afterwards, while it is a common human experience that if any one will furnish his mind with things, words will follow, and if they do not come voluntarily, he will pull them after him. The saying of an old and

obscure poet may well be used to refute the position taken by Flaubert:

"When once a thing conceived is in the wit,
Words soon present themselves to utter it."

It is interesting to note that Flaubert suffered ridicule even in his own day for his scrupulous nicety in speech, for, as it is recorded concerning him when on a certain trip from Paris to Orleans, a fellow who happened to be some steps ahead of him was asked who the gentleman might be that came along so dignified and self-important, replied, "He is not a gentleman; he is a word-monger, and about this I tell you the truth for I am a logician." The same fellow who called himself a logician later sought to embarrass Flaubert when, as he discovered him standing at a street corner talking to a group of gentlemen, he approached and popped the following bit of sophistry at him: "What say you to this, Monsieur, Westphalia ham makes a man drink; drink quenches thirst; therefore Westphalia ham quenches thirst?" But the unexpected happened. Flaubert was ready with a retort. Without hesitating in an effort to gather up nice words, he answered, "Reserve these baubles to play with children, and do not by these fooleries divert the thoughts of a man of years."

That Flaubert would go a mile out of his way to hook a fine word, especially if he believed it to be a most expressive one, is evident to any one who has read but a few chapters of his works. On his part there was nothing like dragging in words or sentences by head and shoulders to fit his purpose, rather he was inclined to make his purpose or design fit the word or sentence. He was too much of a word-artist; too much of a lover of fine phrases to allow Gascon to come into play where Parisian French would not reach. He could never bring him-

self to say, "The language which strikes my mind will please it." To him a soldierlike style as that of Julius Caesar was thoroughly contemptible. But there are people who prefer smoothness of sound in language to hard sense, and for them Flaubert is a beloved master. His sensuous style will be an unceasing delight for those who by nature are poetically inclined.

The English counterpart to Flaubert in the use of a sensuous manner of diction is undoubtedly Walter Pater. If, as it is said, Carlyle could not write in what people call respectable clothes; if Dickens needed blue ink and a gross of goose quills to make him feel like working; and if Balzac needed a monk's cowl and hot coffee to make him think, then the delicate feeling of Pater in the use of language could only find satisfaction in music and perfect acoustics. Shuster says of him that his "only luxuries were a bowl of dried roses, a jaunty tie, and a beautiful style." Though Pater may not be as precise as is Flaubert, yet he exercised a jealous vigilance in behalf of artistic purity in language. His salient fault, and that, too, one which could not escape the eye of critics, is the unconquerable habit of setting thought aside in order to give rein to the march of words. Dozens of his sentences have been extracted from his works and have been advertised with a challenge for any one with common sense to tell what they mean.

It would appear that Pater in his tireless search for the most suitable word when he had an idea to express frequently forgot that the word should depend upon the idea, and that the reverse of this relationship will produce a certain haziness and unclarity in diction that will surely prove annoying to any reader. But his taste for words had come to be so smug that anything bold, rugged, irregular, or hard in

sound or syllable had to remain unused no matter how subservient it might have been to visualize the idea that he wanted to express. In the department of letters, he liked no stuff where the knots and seams are to be seen, as little as he would have liked in a fine proportioned gentleman to be able to tell all the bones and veins. It was not his motto to let language that is dedicated to truth be plain and unaffected.

Now it may be urged in favor of Pater that by nature his relish for words was so finedrawn that the several lapses into obscurity of which critics have pronounced him guilty should readily be condoned in view of the great quantity of brilliantly beautiful work that he has left to the public. But this assertion carries little worth inasmuch as a mistake can be remedied by only one means, and that means consists in correcting what is wrong. In literature like in conduct singularity and mannerism will be exposed to ridicule in spite of all pleas for excuse. The opinion of Montaigne with respect to this matter may serve as an apt illustration. In one of his essays he says, "I have seen those who have run from the smell of an apple with greater precipitation than from a harquebuss shot; others who were afraid of a mouse; others whose stomachs were upset at the sight of cream; others who like the Roman General, Germanicus, could not endure the sight or the crowing of a cock. There may be some cause for these singularities in these cases; but certainly, in my opinion, a man might conquer them, if he took them in time."

Of course to Pater like to Flaubert it would have appeared to be a pity to do anything else in the process of writing outside of choosing the most exact words and polishing the sentence. They both seem

to have been unaware of the psychological fact that if the mind is divided in its attention, mediocre work will at best be the only result. If good, hard, consistent thought is the chief element in literary composition, then the entire powers of the mind will have to be absorbed in producing and developing that thought, while words and sentences must come along spontaneously, and it is according to this principle, as critics say, that really great authors have produced their works. In spite of the numerous commendations, then, which the sensuous stylists have received as being models for literary composition, their evident shortcomings force the conclusion that they can be such only for writers who care more for form than they do for matter, more for shape than for body, more for smoothness than for strength.

Mental habits have that peculiar prevasiveness about themselves that they insidiously mix with man's actions, and thus it was quite true with Pater. His delicacy of taste came to be so overwrought that he became self-conscious and timorous in public. Perhaps his extremely sensitive taste in the choice of language which made of him a word-artist—a matter which lovers of Pater urge writers to imitate—is responsible for that other bit of delicate taste for which no one has as yet put himself on record as recommending, namely, that whenever Pater came across a friendly cat, he would pick it up, kiss it heartily, and set it gently down again.

J. Hageman '29

God be thanked for books. They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages.—W. E. Channing.

WHO'S WHO ANYWAY?

For the very reason that they accept every theory of hypothesis however casually suggested to them and that, too, without the least semblance of logical reasoning, some people, and among them even Americans, may very properly be termed bone-headed. The cave man myth in which a species of biped fully qualified to wear breeches is supposed to be removed by only an inch from the mere beast, though this biped is admittedly quite an artist, is a typical instance. Natural selection, the survival of the fittest, the fable of the great Nordic Race are other striking examples among many. People with little sense who in consequence do but little thinking accept these seeming scientific formulas as plain truth long before they are in any wise proved. Then, just when these matters are being subjected to a process of scrutiny and refutation, the afore-mentioned 'dumb-bells' set about in all earnestness to apply them to many phases of practical life, such as legislation and religion. That they get a 'kick' out of their stupidity is putting it mildly.

Taking things into account generally, it must be said that those who pride themselves, for instance, as being members of the great Nordic Race really have no very big hunch to blow about. They persist in telling everybody that the preamble to the U. S. Constitution is a joke; that men are not created free and equal; that there is an inherently divine virtue in longheads; and that the gentlemen who prefer blondes are designated by natural selection to be fathers of a superior people. This boastful jargon surely calls for some little attention.

Is there any real fire behind all this smoke? If

not, why so much smoke? Are the Nordics alone fit to inhabit the globe? If so, what about the Southdics, who are equally well qualified to wear breeches? Must it not be admitted that we as human beings are all equally fit? Do we not as mere human beings all start equal? And if not, who or what loads the dice against us? If some of us are handicapped by birth, we want to know it, so that we can set our faces accordingly. If we are not handicapped, who or what slowed us up? Why don't we win more races? So-and-so is digging deep footprints in the sands of time; while all that I, who am one of the many, can do is stub my toe. Why can't I leave my footprints? If I can only stub my toe, if I can put no kind of dent in success, what is my fault anyway? Ah, I know the answer. The self-made elite will say, "You poor sap, you were born that way".

Now there is a way of getting at this question by supposing a case. I am of short stature, round-headed, big-eared, thick-lipped, and long-armed. In what respects do I differ from people generally? What is the attitude that the would-be elite take towards me and my kind? Well, it is something like this:

"We have our doubts about you; as for ourselves, we don't doubt a bit. We were well-born, our blood is pure, our brains are large and good, we were born with talents, we have the stuff in ourselves. We may have done nothing remarkable, but we were born to be great. Nothing is the matter with our families; they are fit to populate the earth; in fact no families are fitter. But there are millions of families that are so unfit to inhabit this earth that they ought to be bumped off, and if this does not happen to them, the human race will sour, and this earth will come to be what the moon is now, a ball of green cheese."

As to myself, I must confess that I am a cross

between two types of sterling Nordics, Anglo-Saxon and Swiss. I should like to claim a fifty percent share in that "blown-in-the-bottle" virtue that is so much talked about, but I really must allow my ignorance as to what that virtue is. All that I have learned hitherto forces me to infer that there is no more innate connection between Anglo-Saxon and the edge on the world, than there is between Eskimo and iceberg; Mohammed and lodestone; copper and Americans; iron and Africans; Hindoos and sacred cattle; Zulus and cowhide. Why the connection is even less than between the first families of Virginia and slavery; the first families of Massachusetts and rum.

Cut across human history wherever you will; cut across any given personality at any given time; history and personality, as you will find, are not determined by individual fitness, but by the conditions of times, places, and opportunities.

The early fathers of our country busied themselves by telling tales as to what the Japanese could not do. We, their children, have long since discovered that an oblique eye need not necessarily take an oblique slant on life, and that there is no inherent connection between a Roman nose and a Roman character. We have also found out that a blue eye cannot see more than a black one, and that a man's character cannot be read any more easily by his nose than by his handkerchief. I myself cannot conceivably associate the shape or size of a man's nose with any kind of character that he may possess. The chosen ones of the human race, however, claim that they can do more, and I can account for the fact that they can do more by mentioning that they also believe in dreams; that they know witches when they see them and know no reason for not burning them.

Of course it is as clear as daylight to anybody that

luck, ancestry, color of skin are no deciding factors in the possibility for success in the case of any individual; but that equal chance, equal opportunity, equal circumstances are deciding factors. No matter who we are in this world, or to what race we belong, affairs may be set for us according to the demands of a big scene, and then we, all of us, are liable to bungle the whole matter, or it may be bungled for us in spite of our best efforts to prevent bungling. Does it not often happen that just at the climax in a drama of life a scene shifter drops the curtain too soon; or that somebody sneezes; or that a fuse blows out; or that our corns begin to hurt? Ah, yes, accidents do happen, but has nature designed that only one class of people shall overcome accidents? Has she doled out nimble wit and cool-headedness only to one race to one caste and class? If you have sense, give your own answer.

What, then, does all this bunk about being Nordics or Southdics (I don't give a whoop if this latter word is not in the dictionary) amount to? Such distinctions as these being prevalent with our so-called intelligentsia, a discussion concerning them surely must be timely. Let us try to determine in just what way the Nordics are pre-eminent among the racial divisions of the world, if at all. As a people they inhabited in early centuries northern Europe, whose center of population was the Scandinavian countries. They were tall, blond human beings, blue-eyed, long-headed, and sea-loving. Under the name of Danes in England and Ireland, and somewhat later as Normans in France and in the island of Sicily, and as Russ in Russia they proved disturbing elements in the culture that had developed rather promisingly during medieval times. They were warriors going in quest of adventure, ever ready to fight, ever ready to make

incursions into peaceful territory where they generally settled and forced their own rule on the conquered people.

That they did leave monuments of their enterprising spirit in the form of buildings erected according to what is known as the Norman style of architecture is above dispute, but how much of this Norman style is original, and how much is taken bodily from the older Gothic would be interesting to investigate. If there is no more originality in their architecture than there is in their other works of art, literature, for instance, in which there are very few works of value that can be traced to pure Norman stock, then there is little cause for boasting of the splendor of Norman monuments.

After all history points obstinately to the Mediterranean people when there is question of great accomplishment in the realms of art and literature. Here we find Greece interlocking with all the best that human civilization produced from the earliest twilight of fable. Rome took Greece and bodily carried over to Italy all the greatness of the Hellenic mind. When Rome in turn tottered to its fall, other branches of the Mediterranean stock took in charge the light of civilization and guarded it faithfully, a fact to which the school work in Ireland, the literature and art of Spain and later Italy bear ample witness. Furthermore let it not be forgotten as a splendid writer phrases the matter that while, "The sages of the east were teaching wisdom beneath the palms; the merchants of Tyre and Carthage were weighing heavy anchors and spreading their purple sails for far seas; the Greek was making the earth fair by art, and the Roman founding his colossal empire by force, the Nordic sat, yet as a child, unknown and naked among the forest beasts."

While we hear so much about Nordic and South-dic races, let it be firmly borne in mind that the world's debt for civilization is not owed to any one people in particular, but to the human race as a whole. Some races may be outstanding for mind and brawn; others may be outstanding for mind and heart; but no matter for what they may individually be outstanding, inasmuch as they are made up of human beings, they are a unit, and as such they are all equally worthy of consideration.

Thomas Clayton '31

BIRDS

I think that I have never heard
A poem lovely as a bird;
As thrush that on a twig doth sway
And sings to God the livelong day:

As gull that sports on white-capped waves
And in the mellow sunshine laves;
As lark that with the breezes plays
And lifts its voice in Nature's praise:

As dove that with Apollo vies
In his swift dash across the skies;
As finch whose song at early morn
Doth pluck from hearts, Life's cruel thorn.

Some red, some blue, some white as curd,
Such are the birds whose song I've heard,
And if, my friend, you'd hear them sing
Then rise ere Morning takes to wing.

C. Flynn '29

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EDITORIALS

Few holidays on the students' calendar are looked forward to with more keen and eager anticipation than is Alumni Day. To all concerned it means more than the customary holiday or free day. For the students, and especially for the lower classmen, it is an occasion for becoming acquainted with the gentlemen of whom the college is justly proud. For the Alumni it is an occasion for the renewal of old friendships that made their beginning during the palmy times of student days. It is, furthermore, for them a time to revisit old haunts and to refreshen old memories that are associated with the history of their Alma Mater. Then, too, it is a time to take note of alterations and improvements; the time to recall the incidents and occurrences that impelled action

in connection with some student-day-conceived plan, dream, and ambition.

Every institution of learning is justly proud of its sons and daughters, but St. Joseph's has a very special reason to feel elated and thankful in being able to point to members of the Alumni Association who have not and who will not forget their Alma Mater. It is due to the generous bounty of the Alumni Association that St. Joseph's can boast of an auditorium and a stage that for their size and beauty; for their accommodation and equipment compare most favorably with conveniences of this kind as found in the possession of institutions of learning generally.

Already for a great number of years "Old Glory" has been waving over the grounds of St. Joseph's from a strong and lofty flagstaff which has been erected by the members of the Alumni Association. The inmates of the institution, furthermore, are daily reminded of St. Joseph's Alumni when on entering the chapel they see the memorial tablet which bears the names of those members of the Association who have given their lives in the World War.

But a matter of the greatest interest to the students of St. Joseph's, an interest provided for them by the kindness of the Alumni Association, is the gold prize medals that are annually awarded in the Alumni Essay Contest. As students of St. Joseph's, we would like to ask the members of the Alumni Association if they have every seriously reflected upon the benefits which these prizes have brought in the way of inciting us to do our best in producing essays of real worth? To be able to write well is an enviable asset to the life of any person, and the Alumni prizes have been a real inducement to us to learn how to write properly, readily,

and well. Sincere thanks are due to the Alumni Association for the interest they have displayed in fostering this important educational matter in the halls of their Alma Mater.

As students of St. Joseph's we are anxiously awaiting the coming of Alumni Day. On that day we mean to welcome all the Alumni most heartily; we mean to prepare a real feast for them; but we mean to lick them in the annual Alumni Ball Game if by any chance the dice will not be loaded against us.

O. M.

Although Dante seems to have made arrangements for the proper reception of all types of sinners in his Inferno and Purgatorio, there are some people who have wondered at Dante's exclusion from both the Inferno and the Purgatorio of one type of person that often is met in the modern world. The person overlooked by the great Florentine is that man or woman who chooses to exercise his or her conversational talents whenever a musical program is in progress. It may all be that the author of the *Divina Commedia* was unacquainted with this type of person. If Dante's Florence was free from those highpowered tongue-waggers who try to shout down all orchestras, no matter how powerful the orchestras may be, then surely Dante could have been exiled from a worse city than Florence.

Ordinarily those people who persist in talking their loudest while music is being played are the very same people who hypocritically whack their palms together in the most thunderous applause at the completion of an orchestral, piano, violin or vocal number. No doubt these people are willing to affirm with glowing superlatives their love and appreciation of good music.

Even though one grant that some people are such geniuses that they can divide their attention between an orchestra's faultless interpretation of a subtly beautiful masterpiece and an animated conversation with their neighbor without impairing their enjoyment of either the music or the conversation, one must conclude, nevertheless, that these people make themselves guilty of gross selfishness. There are any number of people in this world who are able to derive the fullest enjoyment and benefit from music only when they are allowed to concentrate their attention on the music itself. The distraction caused by the incessant buzz of talking which goes on in their neighborhood may well deprive them of untold treasures in the way of beautiful thoughts, feelings, and emotions.

In a crowd a boisterous minority often can make itself appear to be a majority. A few unappreciative boorish bumpkins may force an orchestra to believe that the entire audience fails to take delight in the music that is being rendered. All those students at St. Joseph's, who find themselves numbered among the unpleasant minority just alluded to, will do well to strike their breasts in true repentance, and will do equally well to set on foot a personal reformation of their ways at the earliest opportunity when occasion allows them to attend programs of music. If these students will try to understand that the purpose of the orchestra is not to drown out whatever noise scene-shifters make between acts in a play, they will then be able to appreciate the fact that the orchestral numbers are an integral part of all public entertainments and, therefore, should be received with the same marked attention that is given to the various acts of a play.

T. C.

EXCHANGES

A journal that ranks with the best of our High School Exchanges is a recent visitor from North Platte, Nebraska,—THE SHAMROCK. For the St. Patrick's number the editors are indeed deserving of much credit. The greater part of the poetry, all of which is beautifully written, fittingly tells of the beauties of Hibernia. "It's The Game" is a story which contains some apt comparison and good description, many realistic touches, linked with a sufficient amount of human interest, to repay well its perusal. We sincerely hope that The Shamrock will sustain the high standard which was set for it by the edition of the St. Patrick's number.

Another new visitor among the Exchanges of last month was THE VARSITY NEWS from the University of Detroit. While the Varsity News partakes almost entirely of local flavor, it is nevertheless, gotten up in a very attractive manner. Of the many well written news items, the most attractive was the announcement of the opera, entitled, "HOOFS, MY DEAR" which is to be produced by the University of Detroit in Orchestra Hall during the week of April 28-May 4. We have found The Varsity News to be very interesting, and hope that it will continue to visit us.

It is the inherent nature of a campus paper to be chuck-full of interesting bits of schools news, and it is with this thought in mind that we praise highly THE VISTA, Notre Dame Academy, Cleveland, Ohio. Our congratulations also extend to the fine arrangement of the paper.

A school paper of tone and quality, in form as well as in contents, is THE GAVEL. It has an air of refinement, scholarship, and high ideals which reflects favorably on the institution.

It is always pleasing to see a school magazine

making steady strides down the road of progress. This is what THE CALVERT NEWS has been doing this last year. Though somewhat local in character, The Calvert News does not fail to hold our interest. The editorials, all on interesting subjects, are always well written.

To find a literary section in a journal such as THE RED AND BLUE, which comes from sunny California, is by all odds very encouraging. Keep up the good work, and if the wonderful beauty of your state inspires you with poetical thought, do not forget that we Collegians will be interested in your poems.

We are grateful for the following exchanges received within the last month:

The Adelphian, Sacred Heart High School, Denver, Colorado; The Bay Leaf, Maywood College, Scranton, Pennsylvania; The Blue and Gold, Marist College, Atlanta, Georgia; The Brown and White, St. Francis Prep. Seminary, Mt. Healthy, Ohio; The Championette, Campion Prep. School, Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin; The Centric, Catholic Central High School, Toledo, Ohio; The Chronicle, Wright High School, New Orleans, Louisiana; The Echo, Wilson High School, Easton, Pennsylvania; The Field Afar; The Hour Glass, St. Mary's College, St. Mary's Kansas; The Look-A-Head, St. Paul's High School, Norwalk, Ohio; The Loyola News; Loyola University, Chicago, Illinois; The Notre Dame News, Notre Dame College, South Euclid, Ohio; The Purple and White, Assumption College, Sandwich, Ontario; The Rensselaerien, Rensselaer High School, Rensselaer, Indiana; The St. Ann News, St. Ann High School, Fremont, Ohio; St. Joseph's Gleaner, St. Joseph's College, Hinsdale, Illinois; and The Wendelette, St. Wendelin High School, Fostoria, Ohio.

LIBRARY NOTES

Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature

"A great portion of the best writing and reading—literary, scientific, professional and miscellaneous—comes to us at stated intervals, in paper covers. The writer appears, as it were, in his shirt sleeves. As soon as he has delivered his message the bookbinder puts a coat on his back, and he joins the forlorn brotherhood of "back volumes," than which, so long as they are unindexed, nothing can be more exasperating. Who wants a lock without a key, a ship without a rudder, a binnacle without a compass, a check without a signature?"—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

The Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature is just such a key, such a rudder, without which the complementary equipment of locks, and ships, and binnacles mentioned by Holmes would be practically useless. The fact that the Readers' Guide has already received previous mentions in these columns is only another argument for the importance of the work; for, trying to treat of the value of periodical literature without reference to the Readers' Guide would be no less futile than an attempt at the exposition of the functions of a safe without alluding to the combination of the lock.

Years ago when libraries were small, the worst drawback was not the fact that the contents were meager, but that the indices and catalogs,—the aids that would have made the available matter useful—were even more deficient. Hours and even days were required not for perusing material on one's subject, but for merely getting clews for finding the possible whereabouts of such reference material. Perhaps at some time, in some magazine, one had read or seen

something about the subject, or he had heard about it from somebody else who had heard, or seen, or read about it. Enough contingencies, surely, to begin with; however, it is only when one tries to trace the wanted matter that the elusiveness of the something, at some time, in some publication really becomes apparent. What magazine? what year? what volume? under what title? are a formidable list of questions; but they must all be answered before the real work, the perusal and sifting of material begins. Having guessed the name of the magazine wrong, there was no alternative but to guess again and to proceed through files of other magazines. If such was the case in looking for material on which a person thought he had "a line," one may easily understand the difficulties that presented themselves to the person who was treading the ground for the first time.

Obviously, when the work of gathering material meant merely a groping around in the dark, a grasping for straws, and running down clews only to find out that one had been on the wrong scent—doing the work of a detective agency without having half of its advantages; when time was being wasted in fruitless search, precious time each moment of which should have been put not to ferreting out sources but to reading and weighing the matter at hand; a student even of the most choleric temperament might have chilled at the idea of debates, essays, orations and literary work in general. Conditions of that kind may have aided in the formation of character, in as far as they were conducive to the element of persistency, but they did nothing towards reaching the main objective; namely, the furtherance of knowledge, and thought, and expression,—the purposes for which the assignment was made.

What formerly was a haphazard method of pry-

ing around and wearing out volumes in partly successful or perhaps even fruitless research has now by the Readers' Guide been reduced to a few moments of interesting and stimulating work. The Readers' Guide not only scientifically and exhaustively points out every possible point of information on the subject, but affording a complete survey of the field in question, it gives the distinct point of vantage which enables the student to attack his matter from just exactly the angle that is most conducive to his requirements.

To be more specific, the Readers' Guide indexes, by author and subject, the contents of 112 current periodicals popular in public and school libraries. All entries are in one alphabet, dictionary form, and sub-headings and cross-references are used frequently to help the searcher in finding the particular material wanted.

Each entry contains the title of the article, author's name, name of periodical containing the article (abbreviated,) volume number, inclusive paging and date. "Il," "map," "por," etc., are used when the article is illustrated or is accompanied by maps or portraits.

The Guide is published monthly except August. It is cumulated for the year to date of issue, in September, November, January and June. Other numbers are cumulated also, so that it is not necessary to use more than two alphabets at any time for the record of the year to date. The June number is a bound annual volume, replaced every third year by a three-year cumulation in one alphabet, all supplied on the annual subscription.

The series covering the years 1900-1928 now contains seven volumes; so that for the references of a period of twenty-nine years, one need consult no

more than seven well-printed and well-bound volumes of a total of 15,800 pages. All this sounds quite simple; and for the searcher, is just as simple as it sounds. In fact, the lack of swagger in the work and the simplicity of its operation are such as almost to preclude any fair estimate of the greatness of the service in the matter of saving time, labor, and expense.

A little projective thinking on the matter, however, may be quite interesting and stimulating. With an average of eighty entries to the page, the Readers' Guide has over one and one-quarter millions of entries. A card catalog, with a separate card for every entry, would be the only feasible substitute, if substitutions were at all possible. This system, however, to begin with, would necessitate the outlay of thousands of dollars for just the blank cards and for the required filing-cabinets of over 1,250 trays. But, blank cards are no catalog. Add then the cost of the necessary typewriters, the cost of the service of filing, the costs of the extra rooms for filing cases and typewriters, and, above all, the salaries of an adequate staff of professional catalogers; and one will see that any system but the Readers' Guide, would quickly run the expense account into six figures on the left of the decimal point, and give a service that would be most inconvenient and cumbersome at best—the service of a steamroller with hissing cylinders, and grinding gears; griming, and jarring, and jolting, and constantly stopping for fuel and repairs.

Yes, the Readers' Guide too has its bulk of merely necessary instruments and conditions of catalog-writers, and presses, and motors; its clicking, and clanking, and griming, and groaning. They are the more necessary instruments and conditions of catalog-

ing activities; but in this case they are all kept in the publishing department of the H. W. Wilson Company, 958—972 University Ave., New York, N. Y., from whence comes forth the Readers' Guide so dematerialized that it is but the quintessence of its former self—shorn of everything except strength, and beauty, and power, and spirit; material enough only to be perceived by the senses of the eager searcher, and to remain a permanently accessible record for time to come.

SOCIETIES

COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The meetings of the Columbian Literary Society of late have been unusually interesting, characterized as they were by marked enthusiasm and a variety of private programs. A prominent feature of each of the meetings is the work of the critic of the society, Cornelius Flynn. His reports have evoked considerable comment because of the novel and at the same time practical manner in which they are presented.

Since the eve of Washington's birthday the Columbians have presented no public program. In the final quarter of the school year, however, they will be represented by three major productions. Since April 17, the feast of the patronage of St. Joseph, is one of the most significant days on the college calendar, the C. L. S. on the eve of this feast, will present "The Fall Guy," an amusing three-act comedy by George Abbott and James Gleason. Another Columbian cast will appear before the alumni gathering on May 14, and the final showing of the year comes with commencement.

NEWMAN CLUB

When the Newmanites presented "Putting It Over" before an unusually large audience on Sunday evening, March 17, they showed a noticeable and surprising improvement over their first appearance of the year. Indeed, the program they presented was probably the greatest success that the Newman Club has ever enjoyed, and the majority of local opinions name it as the most highly appreciated entertainment presented in the college auditorium this year. Regardless of the exceptional acting, the play itself was a cleverly written comedy with plenty of fun and a fascinating plot, although there were several events in the story which one might consider impossible.

With this splendid comedy on which to center their efforts, the members of the cast had occasion to make a good name for the Newman Club, and there is no doubt but that they used this opportunity to advantage. They certainly "put it over."

Like many of our stage comedies, "Putting It Over" deals with a phase of business life. All the male characters are in some way involved in the construction of a new dam, the pride of a small Arizona town. Lannon, the contractor, supplies the engineers with faulty material, but by means of his sly business mind evades trouble until the day when the dam is to be formally opened. If the water were to be let over the dam, the structure would crumble and endanger the lives of many people gathered to witness the dedication. Realizing this, Jack Stewart, the mystery man and hero of the story, together with Eva Lou, the heroine, contrives a clever means of pumping a confession out of Lannon. A very tense and dramatic climax is reached, the dam is saved, Lannon promises to redeem himself, and a love

romance between Jack and Eva Lou is climaxed by a simple "Yes."

If sport terminology were in place, it could be said that the cast achieved success by means of teamwork. Since each character did his very best it is no easy task to name the star of the performance. Tom Browne, the chief engineer, although he appeared only in the first act, was nevertheless an important character, well represented by Joseph Szanislo. The hero, and most interesting of all the personages in the play was Jack Stewart who made his first appearance as a tramp, and after many humorous, tense, and mysterious instances proved his identity as one of the most important figures in the construction of the dam. This role was carried with admirable ease and cleverness by Bela Szemetko. The acting of Lawrence Grothouse as Colonel Lane, a heavy stockholder in the dam, was among the very best of the evening. The naturalness that characterized his actions whether in comical or serious situations was noteworthy. Stephen Tatar, likewise, did splendid work. As Lannon, the contractor, he was very consistent in his portrayal of the role of villain. In a true-to-life manner Frank Kienly acted the part of Daintry, the overworked foreman at the dam. "Putting It Over" was an instance in which a valet carried an important role. As Browne's valet, Bolton, Ralph Boker showed surprising talent. Cleverness, ease, and naturalness were plainly evident in his acting. Quite surprising was the work of the female characters of the play. With his creditable impersonation of Colonel Lane's daughter, Eva Lou, Thomas Rieman proved to be a very attractive heroine. In portraying the character of Mr. Lannon's daughter, Torrence, Anthony Krapf also did praiseworthy work. One of the most true-to-life imper-

sonations of a comical female personage to which a local audience has been treated for some time was given by Edmund Binsfeld. His every move was truly characteristic of the person he represented.

In short, "Putting It Over" was a success because the salient feature of the acting was naturalness, the prime requisite of any success on the stage. The play was written by Larry Johnson.

THE CAST

Tom Browne, the Chief Engineer	-----	Joseph Szanislo
Jack Stewart, who drew the plans	-----	Bela Szemetko
Colonel Lane, a heavy stockholder	-----	
	-----	Lawrence Grothouse
Lannon, a contractor	-----	Steve Tatar
Daintry, foreman at the dam	-----	Frank Kienly
Eva Lou, the Colonel's daughter	-----	Thomas Rieman
Torrence, Lannon's daughter	-----	Anthony Krapf
Mrs. Lane-Turner, Eva Lou's Aunt Jule	-----	
	-----	Edmund Binsfeld
Bolton, Browne's valet	-----	Ralph Boker

DWENGER MISSION UNIT

The short-story contest, which the Dwenger Mission Unit sponsored this year in place of an essay contest, closed on Saturday, April 6. Although in some of the classes enthusiasm was not particularly evident, there was, nevertheless, a considerable number of entries submitted, and considering that the contest was something new, the executive board feels that it received fairly good response. The stories are now in the hands of the judges at the Gaspar Mission Unit, Carthagena, Ohio, and will be returned within a few weeks.

On Saturday evening, April 6, the society held a meeting which was of special interest because of the program which was furnished by the members of the

D. M. U. belonging to the freshman and sophomore classes. The program was very interesting, and it was pleasing to see the younger boys assume courage to appear on the stage in place of the upper classmen.

RALEIGH CLUB

Since spring weather has set in at St. Joe, many of the Raleigh Club members are enjoying their daily smokes out in the airy grove, although the club room is still well crowded at the recreation periods. At practically every free period the card tables, recently improved by new leatherette coverings, are employed by five hundred or pinochle fans. The radio, too, furnishes its quota of entertainment each day, and occasionally when the smokers feel jolly enough to furnish their own music, the piano offers its services. With the exception of these daily activites, the Raleigh Club has been comparatively inactive during the past month, because it has held no meetings since the midyear election of officers.

ALUMNI NOTES

It is with a feeling of pardonable pride that future St Joe alumni view the activities and note the triumphs of those who have already passed out from the walls of this institution. Hardly a month goes by but that in one sphere of human activity or another the name of some alumnus of St. Joseph's receives prominent mention.

Father Joseph Bover, S. J., professor in the College of St. Ignatius in Barcelona, some time ago published a book entitled "De Cultu St. Josephi Amplific-

ando," in which is advocated an enlargement of the liturgical honors bestowed on St. Joseph. In an article published in "The Ecclesiastical Review" of March, Father Bover's worthy cause is very ably and convincingly espoused by a St. Joseph's alumnus, namely, Rev. Edwin G. Kaiser, C. P.P.S. After reading Father Kaiser's lucid explanation and compelling argument in favor of Father Bover's cause, the reader is very much impelled to become an ardent supporter of the movement. To all St. Josephites especially ought this cause be of great significance.

Friends and former acquaintances of Mr. Joseph C. Bechtold will be interested no doubt to know that he is connected with the Orpheus Male Chorus of Erie, Pennsylvania. This organization comprises approximately sixty-four voices. Judging from the newspaper reports of a recent concert, the Opheus Male Chorus has at least a very prominent local standing if not state-wide renown. Many of us here at St. Joseph's are acquainted with the singing ability and the voice quality of Mr. Bechtold, having had the pleasure to hear him sing while he was yet a student at St. Joseph's.

Unfortunately the name of Rev. Joseph Marling, C. P.P.S. was omitted in the account which the Collegian gave concerning the recently ordained priests of the Society of the Most Precious Blood. This first opportunity, however, is being taken to set this unhappy omission aright and to announce that Father Marling has been appointed to the important position of instructor in fundamental dogma at St. Charles' Seminary, Carthagena, Ohio. Father Marling, it will be remembered, has a brother in St. Joseph's in the person of Brother John Marling, C. P.P.S. The Col-

legian staff extends its heartiest wishes for the very best success to Father Marling in his future serious and arduous undertaking.

From north and south, east and west, there comes a low deep-throated rumble as of an army preparing for a move. Every now and then barely audible expressions may be heard, such as, "It is about time to get the old valise out of the attic." "Perhaps I ought to see about making railroad reservations." "Will May 15 never get here?" At last the secret is out. By a careful analysis of the last expression, one may easily perceive that May 15 and Alumni Day for St. Joe are perfectly synonymous. Already Mother Nature seems to be vying with us to exceed even the customary St. Joe welcome. The lawns, the shrubs, the trees, the flowers all are busily preparing to smile their heartiest welcome when you come, Alumni. It matters little what means you use to get here, be those means horse and buggy, roller skates, bicycle, automobile, railroad, aeroplane, or a pair of feet. The most important thing is to get here, then leave the rest to St. Joe.

There are rumors afloat that certain magnanimous members of the student body are sponsoring a movement to make the Alumni's annual defeat in the baseball game a bit more palatable to the old boys by insuring a close game. Although the movement is clothed in mystery, the star reporter of the Collegian staff has learned that all members of the College team, if the movement be successful, will have to do all baserunning in the approved attire of sack-racers. Other disclosures will be made as soon as possible.

LOCALS

Recent visitors at the College were: The Rev. Francis T. Jansen, Gary, Ind.; The Rev. Bernard Scharf, C. PP. S., Ft. Wayne, Ind.; The Rev. Carl Schnitz, Gary, Ind.; The Rev. F. W. Schaeper, C. PP. S., Detroit, Mich.; The Rev. Thomas Conroy, Ft. Wayne, Ind.; The Rev. Albin Bauer, C. PP. S., Cleveland, O.; The Rev. Eugene Segranes, Chicago, Ill.; The Rev. Hubert Greb, C. PP. S., Carthagena, O.; The Rev. Edward Vurpillat, East Chicago, Ind.; The Rev. Walter Wartinger, C. PP. S., Whiting, Ind.; The Rev. John S. Woods, Washington, D. C.; The Rev. Stanislaus Neiberg, C. PP. S., Rensselaer, Ind.; The Rev. Raphael F. Donnelly, Gary, Ind.; The Rev. Benedict Boebner, C. PP. S., Carthagena, O.; The Very Rev. Ignatius A. Wagner, Provincial, C. PP. S., Carthagena, Ohio; The Rev. L. Sponar, C. PP. S., Carthagena, Ohio.

Little did the students suspect when the name of Father Edward Roof, C. PP. S., was mentioned in the March edition of the Collegian that they would have the pleasure of his company as one of the personnel of St. Joseph's. This, however, is actually a fact. Father Roof has been appointed assistant prefect of discipline at St. Joseph's. Collegeville extends its heartiest welcome to Father Roof. We students have reason to feel that our association with him will be a happy and beneficial one.

The election of a president and a secretary was the business conducted at a recent meeting of the Senior class of the College. John Wissert and Joseph

Schill were chosen as president and secretary respectively.

The graduating class of 1929 has great reason to rejoice in the successful outcome of their selection of a photographer to take the class pictures. With a few exceptions, the proofs were very favorably received, and by now well over half of the orders for pictures have been submitted to the photographer. Judging from the proofs, the class may reasonably expect to be perfectly satisfied with the finished pictures.

Congratulations are in order for the committee in charge of the St. Patrick's Day parade. Not in years has such a well-ordered, intelligently planned and sensibly bedecked procession wended its way from Collegeville to Rensselaer on the feast day of Ireland's great patron. In spite of the fact that some of the marchers would have appeared more at home with a dab of sauerkraut hooked on the lapel of their coats rather than a shamrock, it seems quite safe to state that St. Patrick would most likely overlook such a minor detail and beam down with satisfaction and happiness on such a zealous demonstration in his honor. Wendelin Dreiling's impassioned appeal to the principal of the Rensselaer High School for a holiday for the high school pupils marked one of the high lights of the afternoon's proceedings.

The third quarterly examinations came and passed so quickly that the writer is somewhat loath to think about them for fear that he will discover that they have not yet arrived.

One of the most significant seasons of the ecclesiastical year is indeed the penitential time of Lent. If there is a time when Holy Mother Church arrays herself in the most solemn and beautiful habiliments of her liturgical wardrobe it surely is during Holy Week. Fortunate indeed are we at St. Joseph's who are given the opportunity to witness the carrying out of the most sublime ceremonies of the Church in all their splendor and majesty. Happy is the dawn of Easter morn for us because we are prepared under the most favorable conditions to derive our fill of the joys of this blessed feast.

The youngest class in the College has demonstrated at various times throughout the year that it must also be reckoned among the most active classes of the College. In the traditional St. Patrick's Day parade, the Class of '34 was well represented both as to quantity and to quality. Their green banner, on which the word "Freshman" was written in vivid letters, was the outstanding banner of the parade. The yearlings climaxed their activities with a banquet at the Hotel Makeever on Monday, April 1. The guest of honor at the banquet was Father Anthony Paluszak, and his splendid talk in response to the toast given him by the class was a brilliant feature of the affair. In addition to the guest of honor, toasts were also given to the football and basketball teams of the Class of '34. Bernard DeMars proved himself a very capable toastmaster. Several musical numbers by an orchestra composed of Virgil O'Connor, Vernon Rosenthal and William McKune added to the enjoyment of the banquet. The class officers of the Freshmen are:—Bernard DeMars, president; Herman Kirchner, vice-president; Charles Kelty, secretary; and Frank Owens, treasurer.

HONOR ROLL

Sixths: Paul Knapke, 97 4-7; Othmar Missler, 97 3-7; Albert Gordon, 95 5-7; Joseph Schill, 95 3-7; Andrew Pollak, 95 3-7; Herbert Linenberger, 94 4-7;

Fifths: John Kraus, 95 6-7; Marcellus Dreiling 95 2-7; Walter Junk, 94 2-7; Spalding Miles, 91 1-2; Thomas Durkin, 91.

Fourths: Ralph Boker, 96; Thomas Clayton, 92 5-8; Joseph Shaw, 91 7-8; Thomas Rieman, 90 1-8; Ralph Hoffman, 89 3-5.

Thirds: Charles Maloney, 98 5-6; Herman Schnurr, 97 1-6; Joseph Otte, 97 1-7; Maurice Meyers, 97; Raphael Gross, 96.

Seconds: Norbert Missler, 95; Michael Vichuras, 95; Raymond Leonard, 94 1-5; William Egolf, 93 3-5; Bernard Glick, 93 2-5; Victor Boarman, 92 3-5.

Firsts: Carl Vandagrift, 98 4-5; William McKune, 98 4-5; Joseph Allgeier, 97 4-5; Earl Rausch, 96 4-5; Charles Scheidler, 96 3-5; Chester Bowling, 96.

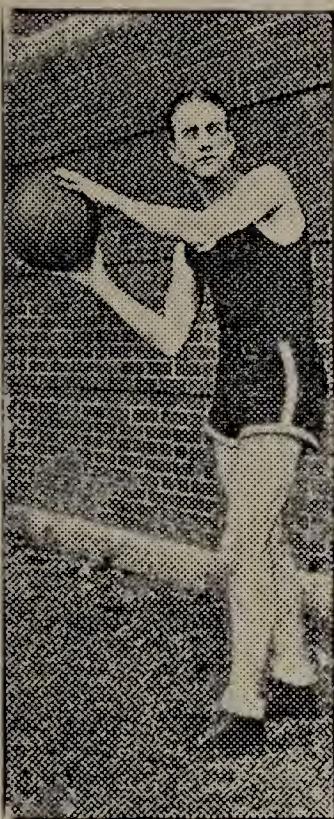
He who would do some great thing in this short life must apply himself to work with such a concentration of his forces as, to idle spectators, who live only to amuse themselves, looks like insanity.

—Parkman.

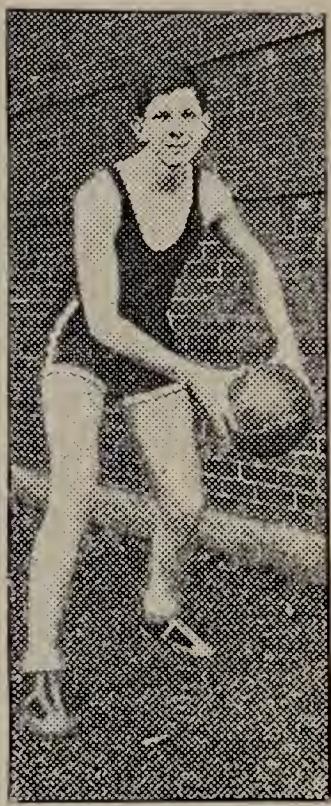
Of all the ignorance in the world the crassest is that which lets an undergraduate choose the courses that are supposed to educate him: if he could choose them, he would not need education.

—Austin O'Malley.

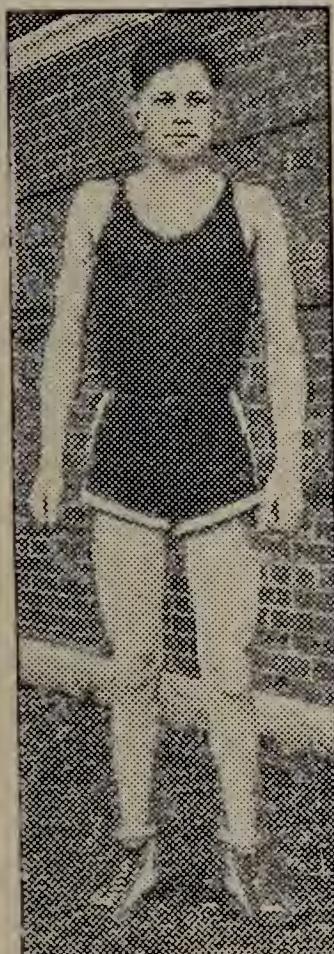
St. Joe's Best



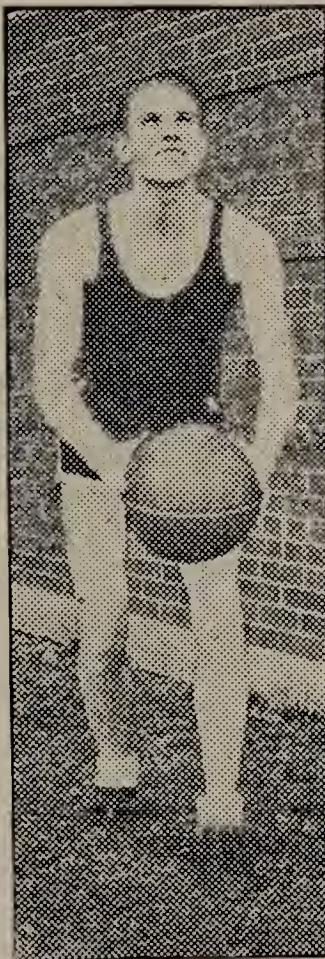
JOHNNY RYAN
Forward and Captain



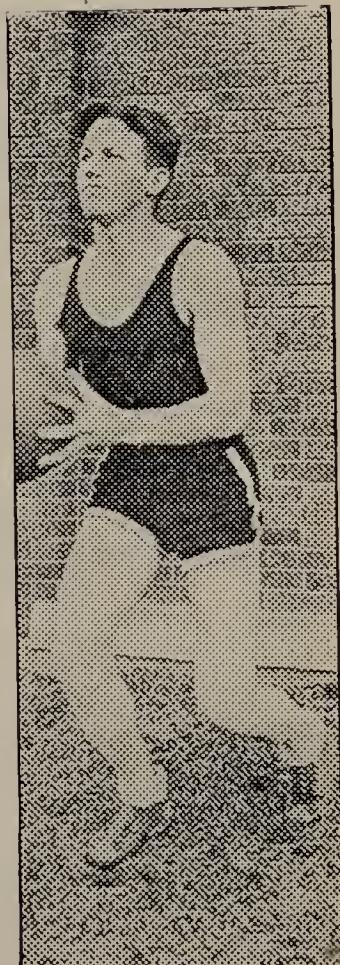
JIM MALONEY
Guard



HENRY BARGE
Guard



JOE SCHILL
Center



"BONNY" DREILING
Forward

'29

ATHLETICS**ALL STAR TEAMS FOR 1928-1929****SENIOR LEAGUE**

Position	First Team	Second Team
Forward	B. Dreiling	Linenberger
Forward	Ryan, (Capt.)	F. Moore
Center	Schill	Conroy
Guard	Barge	Toth
Guard	J. Maloney	Anzinger, (Capt.)

ACADEMIC LEAGUE

Position	First Team	Second Team
Forward	Faber, (Capt.)	Knapke
Forward	Schmit	Kern
Center	Uhrich	C. Flynn, (Capt.)
Guard	Sanger	Pax
Guard	Pollak	Follmar

JUNIOR LEAGUE

Position	First Team	Second Team
Forward	Leonard	Sondgeroth
Forward	Clayton, (Capt.)	M. Kelly
Center	Mitchell	Gollner
Guard	Reino	Gengler, (Capt.)
Guard	Shaw	Elliott

MIDGET LEAGUE

Position	First Team	Second Team
Forward	Forsee, (Capt.)	Burnell, (Capt.)
Forward	J. Maloney	Krapf
Center	Nardeccia	Elder
Guard	Snyder	Bloemer
Guard	M. Vichuras	Fontana

In the opinion of the writer, who was aided in the selecting of the All-Star teams by a committee of the most competent basketball critics in Collegeville, this array of basketeers comprises the best to be found at St. Joe. The players who have gained positions on the mythical quintettes have been selected in view of their all-around basketball ability and good sportsmanship. Only those players who participated in the majority of the league games were eligible for All-Star consideration, and the performers have been placed as near as possible in the positions that they occupied during the season.

In the selection of the First Senior All-Star Five, Johnny Ryan, Bonny Dreiling, and Jim Maloney were unanimously chosen for their respective positions. In the balloting for the center berth, five votes out of a possible six went to Joe Schill. Jim Conroy received the other vote for the pivot position. A battle royal was staged to decide Maloney's running-mate at the other guard position, with Barge and Anzinger each getting three votes out of a possible six. This deadlock necessitated the drawing up of a new committee, which decided in favor of Barge by a narrow margin.

Linenberber, Anzinger, and Conroy were undisputed choices for their positions on the Second All-Star combination. Fritz Moore and Steve Toth, however, were given a close race for the other two positions. Moore nosed out a potent field of forward candidates, including such luminaries as Cross, Bartlett, Garza, and Cardinali. Toth's chief competitors for the other guard position were Herod, Bubala, and Tatar.

There was also a wealth of All-Star timber in the Academic, Junior, and Midget leagues, with very little to choose between several players who "did and didn't" gain one of the coveted positions. In

quite a number of instances, especially in selecting the Midget All-Stars, it was difficult to leave certain star performers off the All-Star selections. We believe, however, that these selections cannot be improved upon, and that they comprise the cream of Collegeville's basketball artists.

With this notice, St. Joe's 1928-'29 basketball season officially draws to a close.

COLLEGE WINS SERIES

With the series standing one-all, the College and High School quintettes clashed in the third and deciding game on St. Pat's Day, and the College crew carried off the championship of St. Joe for the second consecutive year by handing their High School rivals the short end of a 31 to 25 count.

After trailing at the half-way mark by 13 to 8, the College five came back with a rush and soon forged into the lead. The High School's defense, which had been so unyielding during the initial half, wilted under the last-half bombardment of the College cohorts.

The encounter was featured by the uncanny shooting of Johnny Ryan, College forward, who hit the nets for a total of sixteen points to cop the scoring honors of the day. Johnny chalked up fourteen of these during the last-half assault of the College aggregation. Len Cross and Jim Conroy, with nine points apiece, were the big guns in the High School attack; while Jim Maloney played his usual sterling game at guard. The High School netters might have reversed the decision had they been more adept at caging free throws. They made good only seven out

of seventeen chances from the free-throw line.
Line-up:

College	Position	High School
Ryan (16)	F.	B. Dreiling (1)
Linenberger (4)	F.	Cross (9)
Schill (4)	C.	Stricker
Herod	G.	Mayer
Barge	G.	J. Maloney (4)

Substitutes:—College: Grot (5), Anzinger (2).
High School. — Conroy (9), Sheeran (2), Toth.
Referee, Corcoran; Umpire, C. Spalding.

SENIOR LEAGUE FINAL STANDING

Team	Won	Lost	Pct.	T. P.	O. P.
Sixths -----	8	1	.887	233	126
Fourths -----	7	2	.775	188	148
Fifths -----	3	5	.375	132	153
Seconds -----	2	6	.250	137	210
Thirds -----	1	7	.125	107	160

When the curtain dropped on the Senior League season, the Sixths and Fourths were in a deadlock for first place, each having a record of seven victories and one defeat. The Sixths, after having piled up six consecutive victories, finally met their Waterloo on March 7, when they dropped a thriller to the Fourths by 22 to 19. This setback temporarily put the Seniors a half-game below the Fourths in the league standing, but they climbed back into a tie for the leadership by drubbing the lowly Thirds 27 to 11. Thus the stage was set for a post-season championship game between the Sixths and Fourths. This play-off was unfolded on the night of March 24, and the Sixths rose to the championship heights that made them last year's pennant-winners. They completely demoralized the plucky Fourth Year outfit, as they romped to an easy 27 to 15 victory. The Fourths made a valiant

stand in the first half which ended with the Sixths leading by only 9 to 7, but the Sixths came back with a vengeance in the final half and completely shattered the Fourth's pennant hopes. This was the fourth consecutive Senior League pennant won by the present Sixth Year. They captured last year's basketball and baseball titles, and came back to cop the football and basketball championships for this season.

The Fifths made a strong finish, winning their final two games to cinch third place. On March 3, they pushed the Thirds deeper into the cellar by conquering them 11 to 6; and on March 6 they avenged an early season defeat by plastering the Seconds 22 to 16, Grot displaying some of his old form by collecting 12 points.

The Seconds, after flashing a whirlwind attack and staging several surprising upsets early in the season, slumped badly during the final half of the campaign and they ended up in fourth place with two victories in eight starts.

Dutch Linenberger, forward on the championship Sixth Year quintet, was the leading scorer of the Senior League. He piled up a total of 58 points in the eight league games. Dutch was followed in order by B. Dreiling of the Fourths with 54, Garza of the Seconds with 51, Schill of the Sixths with 50, and Ryan of the Sixths with 45. These totals do not include the post-season championship game between the Fourths and Sixths.

ACADEMIC LEAGUE

Final Standing

Team	Won	Lost	Pct.	T. P. O. P.
Sixths -----	4	1	.800	80 51
Fifths -----	3	2	.600	95 68
Thirds -----	2	2	.500	46 58
Fourths -----	1	3	.250	48 65
Seconds -----	1	3	.250	45 72

Following the example of the Sixth Year Senior Leaguers, the Sixth Acs finished the Academic League season in a tie for first place; and in a hair-raising post-season championship game, cinched the pennant by nosing out the Fifths 20-17. These two same teams fought it out for the Ac pennant last year, and the present Fifths eked out a one-point victory to cop the flag. Thus, the Sixths not only won this season's Ac title, but gained sweet revenge for last year's setback.

The game was a thriller, the issue being in doubt until the final whistle. The Fifths led at the half by 8-6, but were trailing at the end of the third period. Two minutes before the game ended, Pax sank a looper from midfloor to give the Fifths a 17-16 lead, but Walz and Boltz of the Sixths slipped through for field goals in rapid succession to turn defeat into victory during the final seconds of the battle.

The regular Ac season ended on March 10 with the Fifths taking the Fourths into camp by 22 to 9 to go into a tie with the Sixths for the league leadership. The Seconds sprang a surprise on March 5 when they downed the Thirds by an 18-14 count, and thus prevented the Thirds from going into a three-cornered tie for first place. The Thirds ended the season in third place, having broken even in their four games. The Fourths and Seconds tied for the cellar

position, each having one victory against three reverses.

Earl Schmit, Fifth Year forward, led the Ac League scorers with 26 points in four games. Yicks Vichuras of the Thirds came second with 18 markers, while Knapke of the Sixths ran third with 17 to his credit.

JUNIOR LEAGUE Final Standing

Team	Won	Lost	Pct.	T. P.	O. P.
Little Giants -----	4	1	.800	85	57
Hawks -----	3	2	.600	54	63
Flying Quintet -----	2	2	.500	58	44
Titans -----	1	3	.250	37	57
Spartans -----	1	3	.250	34	47

Post-season games being the order of the day, the Little Giants and Hawks of the Junior League proceeded to keep in style by winding up the regular league season in a tie for first place. Each team had a record of three wins in four starts. These two quintets met in their championship play-off on March 20, and the Little Giants captured the Junior League bunting by taking the Hawks into camp by 10-9 in a heated encounter. The Little Giants were out in front at the half by 7 to 4. The Hawks rallied during the final period and had the opposition all hot and bothered for a time, but Sondgeroth cinched the game and the pennant for the Little Giants when his big bertha from midfloor "faw down" through the net and made the Hawks' hopes go "boom." Mark Kelly, on parole from "the Sidewalks of Collegeville," celebrated his freedom by carrying off the high scoring honors of the game with four points.

Mitchell, center of the championship Little Giants, was far in the lead in individual scoring

among the Junior Leaguers. Mitchell tallied 34 points in the four league games. Leonard, forward with the Flying Quintet, was his nearest rival with 20 markers, while Pawlak came third with 14 points.

MIDGET LEAGUE

Final Standing

Team	Won	Lost	Pct.	T. P.	O. P.
Sharpshooters -----	6	2	.750	166	107
Ramblers -----	5	3	.625	162	103
Scots -----	5	3	.625	133	128
Shamrocks -----	3	5	.375	108	173
Bruins -----	1	7	.125	106	164

'Twas lucky for Coach Barge's Sharpshooters that they cinched the Midget League pennant by winning their first six games in succession. With several of their star regulars "booked," the newly-crowned Midget champs were forced to call their subs into action, and as a result dropped their final two games of the Midget League season. On March 12, they were snowed under a 20-10 score by the rambling Ramblers; and on March 15, they found Coach Babin's Scots too tight on the defense with the result that again the champion Sharpshooters bowed to the enemy. The score was 23 to 14. These victories for the Ramblers and the Scots put these two outfits in a tie for second place in the final league standing. Each won five and dropped two contests.

"Bozo" says that Coach Corcoran's Bruins are the strongest team in the Midget League—they are holding the other four teams up. The Shamrocks, after getting off to a poor start, improved greatly as the season progressed, thanks to the wizardry of Coach Andy Mathieu. They chalked up three victories in eight starts.

Tinker Forsee and Joey Maloney, forwards on

the champion Sharpshooters, were first and third respectively for individual scoring honors in the Midget League. Forsee had 71 points to his credit in eight games, while Maloney was responsible for 55 points in six encounters. Nardeccia, all-around luminary of the Shamrocks and one of the outstanding performers in the Midget League, gave Forsee a great race for individual scoring laurels. Nardeccia ran a close second with 65 points to his credit.

TENNIS MANAGERS CHOSEN

With the current basketball season in the record books, Collegeville has turned to tennis for its chief pastime during the early spring days. The six courts are in much better condition than they were at this stage last year, and all indications point to a highly successful tennis season. The class tournaments are carded to get under way early in May.

The class managers elected for the 1929 season are as follows: First Year, Herman Kirchner; Second Year, Kenneth Hurlow; Third Year, Whitey Coleman; Fourth Year, Joe Gibson; Fifth Year, Freddie Moore; and Sixth Year, Roland Flinn. Charlie Spalding is General Manager for the 1929 season.

It's good to have money and the things that money can buy, but it's good, too, to check up once in a while and make sure you haven't lost the things that money can't buy.—G. H. Lorimer.

Music was a thing of the soul—a rose-lipped shell that murmured of the eternal sea—a strange bird singing the songs of another shore.—J. C. Holland.

FREE AIR---HOT AND OTHER WISE

Lady in pet store—I like this dog, but his legs are too short.

Clerk—Too short! Why madame, they all four reach the floor.

“It’s funny, I do not remember limping when I left home,” said the absent-minded professor, as he walked down the street with one foot on the curb and the other in the gutter.

Skink—Say, what’s an “operetta,” anyway?

Huffy—Don’t be sil’. It’s a girl who works for the telephone company.

Stapleton—I hear that there’s not a single mosquito in your new summer camp.

Reineck—I’ll say not! They’re all married and have families.

ME 'N HARRY

Me 'n Harry wuz over t'his house t'other day while his ma wuz down town, 'n bein' it wuz rainin' outside, Hal sez less fish in th' gold fish bowl. I gives 'im a safety pin offen my trousers 'n he had a piece o' string. They wuz only one ornery gold fish in th' bowl, but he bit passin' good at first, only after we hauled 'im out 3 or 4 times he beginned t' ketch on, 'n hid down in his little house. So I dumps some fish flakes in th' bowl 'n we waited for 'im t' come up. Harry had some B. B's 'n every time th' fish ud open his mouth t' grab th' flakes, Harry ud drop a B. B. down his throat. Purty soon th' little devil got so heavy, he couldn't swim to th' top. He

ud shift his gears in high, tare round th' bottom o' th' bowl n' then head for the top, but when he ud get half way up, his clutch ud start slippin' 'n he ud sink back again. I sez we better shake th' B. B's outen 'im, cause he might get lead poisonin'. So Harry took 'im out 'n shook 'im round by th' tail, but th' darn critter just wouldn't cough up th' shots. Then Harry sez maybe if we put 'im in th' dictionary we could squeeze out th' B. B's. But that didn't do no good neither. The fish ud just open his mouth 'n turn up his nose like he wuz displeased at somp'n but he wouldn't spit up th' B. B's. Harry wuz just gonna put some warm milk down th' bugger's throat with a eye-dropper, when th' kat snatched 'im away all t' sudden 'n gulped 'im down before we could save th' poor little son-of-a-gun. We didn't know what to do then, cause Harry's ma liked that gold fish powerful well. Harry sez maybe we could paint some minnows to look like little gold fish, so he brung in 3 he had in a tomato can, 'n we paints some gold gilt on 'em, real purty-like. I sez we ought to put some shellac on 'em too, t'make 'em shiny like regular gold fish. When we got 'em finished we dropped 'em in th' bowl, but they beginned to dart back'n forth somp'n fierce, like they wuz all hot'n bothered. Purty soon, tho, they slowed up after they wore all th' paint offen 'em, 'n they beginned to look like regular minnows agin. Harry sez we shudda put 'em in th' oven awhile t' let 'em dry off good. So we fished 'em out with th' coffee strainer 'n did it all over again, includin' th' oven. This time when we dropped 'em in th' bowl, they didn't scoot around, but went straight to th' bottom like they wuz dead, (which they wuz). Harry sez th' shellac musta dissolved their vertibray, but I think he just left 'em in th' oven too long. Then Harry thought he better hide th' bowl upstairs, so's his

ma wouldn't notice it, but just as he took it offen th' table, he stepped on th' kat 'n drapped it all over th' floor. I sez maybe he better wet th' kat 'n then his ma ud think th' kat did it. So we took th' kat by th' tail 'n soaked 'im in a pail o' water, th' cat makin' an awful fuss cause it wuz th' first bath he ever had. But I don't think that worked neither, cause when Harry wuz able to come out agin (2 days after) he told me that his ma sez they just don't make kats what kin throw 5 pound fish bowls, full o' water, 6 feet offen dining room tables.

F. M.

Earl—Aren't you the barber who cut my hair last time?

Barber—No, I don't think so. I've only been here six months.

Say did you see Bill's new car, Sam?

Sam (head and arm bandaged)—Not in time.

Pickpocket—What was in his pocket?

Pal (frightened)—A p-p-pair of h-h-handcuffs!

Minister—And regarding the milk you deliver here.

Milkman (uneasily)—Er, yes sir.

Minister—Well, I only wanted to say that I use the milk for drinking and not for christening.

A very stout man on the scales was eagerly watched by two little urchins. The portly gentleman dropped in his cent, but the machine was out of order and only registered 75 pounds. "Golly, Bill!" gasped one of the kids in great amazement, "He's hollow inside!"

Manager (paying salary in very dirty green-backs) I hope you're not afraid of microbes, Mike.

Mike—Oh no sir. No microbe could live on my salary.

Some people still believe the rumor that the National League will have only seven teams this year, because as they say, the Pope won't let the Cardinals play anymore.

An old ditty:

The night was dark and the wind, it blew
When down the street Iago flew
And from his breast a dagger drew
And slashed a——banana half in two!

In an older city:

Fulgurabat, et tonabat,
Per viam Iago carpsit
Per viam Iago cucurrit
Atque tunc——bananam scidit!

F. M.

Prof—Why don't you answer me?

Bozo—I did, Professor. I shook my head.

Prof—Well, you don't expect me to hear it rattle way up here, do you?

Big Hands—Say, who invented swimming, anyway?

Charlie—Oh, that started several years ago when a couple of Scotch travelers came to a toll-bridge.

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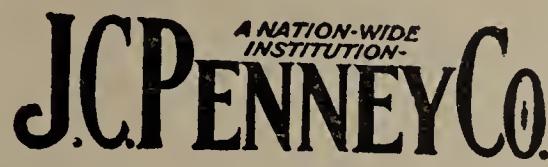
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